THE
NATION

NOVEMBER 15, 1958 . . 25c

The People Win:

LANDSLIDE IN A VACUUM

Carey McWilliams

The People Lose:

INCIDENT IN MASSACHUSETTS

Margaret L. Coit

●

Capture of the 'Phoenix'

THE FORBIDDEN VOYAGE

Earle L. Reynolds

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
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LETTERS

The Ironic Facts

Dear Sirs: Dan Wakefield's "Missiles and Champagne" [*The Nation,* October 25] is a jewel. It has the flavor of Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street,* yet Mr. Wakefield just does a straight reporting job. Still, his reporting is transformed into a devastating essay on the hollow, suicidal values of the *haut monde* that occupy our highest offices and seem to set the tenor of our nation's policies.

Most critics of the proceedings would have been so aggravated that they would either have rendered mute, or have lashed back with a vitriolic satire. Wakefield did the unexpected: he just reported.

"Let us pray" were the only three words of editorializing in the whole article, and they appeared at the very end. If the citizens continue to allow these people—who bandy about plans for atomic destruction and World War III like kindergarten children with their games—to run around loose, the citizens will have no need for prayer.

EMLYN THOMAS

Barberton, O.

Dear Sirs: Although I strongly believe that humor is a great solace to any unbearable situation, and I firmly admire Dan Wakefield as a humorist and a reporter, I do find a terrible aura of unfunniness about his "Missiles and Champagne." It is not the fault of Mr. Wakefield, but rather the fact that any discussion of the possibility of nuclear war is beyond irony. . . .

IAN BERNARD

Laguna Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I am enclosing check for a six-months' subscription to your magazine. I would appreciate your beginning the subscription with the issue of October 25, which contains an article by Dan Wakefield that I find extremely interesting. I have been concerned with missiles in one way or another since 1954, and after becoming utterly disgusted with the monstrous chimney they call the Titan, still a-building in Denver and soon destined for Cape "Carnival" (it *is* a circus), I am somewhat consoled to think that this travesty is not going totally unnoticed.

R. MIKTON

Ann Arbor, Michigan

'Great Journalism'

Dear Sirs: I would appreciate it very much if you will send me ten copies of "The F.B.I." by Fred J. Cook [October 18 issue]. I have just completed it and found it to be one of the greatest articles of its kind in the journals of reporting the true picture of America today.

Words cannot tell the great satisfaction I obtain from every issue of *The Nation* that comes out and I eagerly await its arrival.

JEAN WEINBERGER

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Fred Cook's excellent and long overdue study of the FBI should be made required reading for all people who glorify the police state and who have lost the meaning of freedom from fear. My only regret is that Mr. Cook felt it necessary to substantiate any part of his investigation with quotes from Westbrook Pegler.

ESTHER HUTT

Newtonville, Mass.

Questions for the Citizen

Dear Sirs: What is the right way to use public opinion in modern government? Some of my friends and I feel that we have discovered a partial solution to the problem. Three years ago we set up the "Active Citizens Opinion Poll." Our purpose is to strengthen the voice of the thoughtful citizen. To do this we send a questionnaire to our subscribers once a month, along with some background material on the questions raised. They vote by postal card ballot. We summarize the results and analyze them in considerable detail according to the age, sex, education, income and party preference of the voter. Then we send this summary to *every member of Congress* and to our subscribers, along with new questions for the next monthly poll.

Ultimately we expect our organization to be supported entirely by the subscribers. (Each one pays a small fee each year to have his opinions reported in this systematic manner.) In the beginning, of course, we must seek funds that will help us to reach that stage. May we use your columns to ask your readers if some of them might like to work with us to develop this new kind of public service?

W. P. CORTELYOU
President,
Active Citizens Opinion Poll
430 S. Michigan Avenue
Chicago 5, Illinois

Flight from Reality

Dear Sirs: Our janitor died a couple of weeks ago, and immediately I was besieged by men trying to get this part-time job, which pays $1,000 a year! Meanwhile, I read that the Ballistic Missile Agency employs 50,000 men at an annual cost of $100,000,000 — so that we can get to the moon! The project serves nothing but the competitive pride and vanity of two nations. How far can madness and irresponsibility go? The whole thing is not worth a damn as long as hungry people walk the streets of our wealthy nation.

LEE H. GREGORY

Cadillac, Mich.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1958
VOLUME 187, NUMBER 16

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

A Year, or Forever?

In a November 3 press release, the National Planning Association's Special Project Committee on Security through Arms Control warns against "over-optimistic expectations of early agreement" or "gloomy predictions of failure" in the East-West negotiations on nuclear test controls now in progress (if that is the word) in Geneva. The warning, especially the second part, could not be more apropos. "*Autre temps, autre moeurs,*" if it applies to diplomacy at all, does so only with a considerable lag. The diplomats still struggle for immediate advantage, much as in pre-atomic times. Yet they cannot be entirely oblivious to the changed conditions. They sense that they must ultimately agree on a suspension of nuclear testing, or face extinction with the rest of us. Each negotiator is conditioned, however, to try to extract a maximum of security for his own nation. This results in delay, but it should not beget dismay. The deadlock is not as deadly as it seems.

At this writing, the delegates are still wrangling over the agenda, but hovering over this initial contest, which is the equivalent of the feinting and pawing of wrestlers before they really come to grips, is the question of how long tests should be suspended. The Russians call for an immediate renunciation for all time. Sweeping proposals of this sort make for effective propaganda among the less sophisticated neutrals, but are as little likely to have any finality as the asking price in less importunate transactions. The American asking price, a one-year suspension, goes to the other extreme. This is tantamount, as military authorities have recognized, to no suspension at all, since it takes about a year to prepare for a series of tests.

The N.P.A. committee suggests a suspension for a two-year period and points out that the installation and proving of an international monitoring grid would take at least that long. This may well be an underestimate. Harvey A. De Weerd, a member of the committee, points out that the exploding of nuclear weapons may be necessary to determine whether the grid is adequate and what modifications will be required. It is highly unlikely that the first design will be entirely satisfactory: much less intricate systems require shaking down and improvement. Probably most experts, looking at the matter without nationalistic prejudice, would conclude that a three-year stand-still would be none too long. If the United States should propose a suspension of this length it would not only be meeting the technical requirements, but it would be countering effectively the propaganda content of the Soviet proposal for an indefinite discontinuance.

The Speech That Won't Be Made

In his November 5 post-election press conference, President Eisenhower continued to inveigh against the "spender-wing" of the Democratic Party and voiced with renewed emphasis his anxieties about the growing federal deficit. He declared that "[unnecessary] spending must stop or the United States is in the most serious kind of trouble. . . ." In the President's mind bad spending seems to be equated with non-military spending, but on this occasion he added that in his opinion we have been "too lavish" in "certain things" in defense, "because as yet we have not eliminated the duplications, the unnecessary expenditures that are going on. . . ."

In these extempore remarks, the President was skirting an issue which, if he could find the courage to meet it head-on, could help him to rehabilitate the Republican Party and his own reputation. The American people have been only too ready to believe in General Eisenhower's competence and wisdom, especially where military matters were involved. Actually, aside from the fact that, through no fault of his own, General Eisenhower never served as a combat officer, he has had no experience with the weapons and strategy likely to be employed in the war or wars for which we are preparing. But neither has anyone else, and it can be argued that on the basis of his success as a military administrator and diplomat, and the unmatched sources of current information open to him, he has a better chance than anyone to arrive at the right answers.

It could be so argued, that is, if the President could find himself the will to view the entire armament race realistically and then tell the people what he sees. What he would have to tell them is that, although the heads of the great corporations which are responsible for the bulk of military procurement constantly deplore the low rate of profit on this kind of business, they con-

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stantly demand more and more of it; and indeed, on the basis of return on invested capital, the results are often more gratifying. The President, if he resolved to be honest and forthright, would have to conclude that a massive vested interest in armaments has established itself in the business community. He would also have to face the fact that not one, but multiple vested interests have become rooted in the armed services, so that each thinks of itself first and the country second. An official of the Defense Department was quoted in *The New York Times* of November 2 as saying, "Every time anyone suggests a change or coordinated effort at the Pentagon . . . the result is a flare-up of infighting in which the generals are far more effective than transplanted educators and business executives." Such statements are made periodically and soon forgotten, but if the President said that the situation had got out of control and that he proposed to remedy it, at whatever cost to the empire-building admirals and generals, he would recapture some of the respect he has lost.

Cold War in the West Indies

It sometimes seems that the United States and its allies are endowed with a natural affinity for dictatorships. Thus in Cuba, behind a facade of neutrality, we have given aid and comfort to the Batista regime, about as repulsive a governmental gang as the Western Hemisphere affords. The violent reaction of the rebels, including hijacking of commercial aircraft and kidnaping of U.S. citizens, has been a natural if indefensible consequence. After receiving a few such kicks in the shins, the State Department modified our policy. We stopped servicing Batista's aircraft at our Guantanamo naval base, withdrew the marines who were extraterritorially guarding the base's inland water supply, and embargoed further arms shipments to Batista's military forces. But now it is announced that our staunch British ally has decided to supply Batista with military aircraft which, according to Carleton Beals, are faster than their counterparts in the armed forces of the United States. Since this could hardly be done without at least the tacit acquiescence of the State Department — the Monroe Doctrine and its corollaries have not been abrogated — it will hardly endear us to Fidel Castro and his men.

Castro, among less moderate countermeasures, has called for a boycott of British goods and shipping. But he may take steps which would be a good deal more awkward both for us and the British. An enormous traffic in arms goes on with little fanfare all over the globe, motivated by considerations which are partly commercial and partly strategic. In this traffic, the Soviet Union and its allies are as busy and enterprising as we and our allies. Our Dominican ally, Trujillo, has charged that Fidel Castro has already received Soviet arms via submarine. This is highly improbable; on the record, Castro is more anti-Communist than Batista. But if we don't dissuade the British from supplying airplanes to Batista, can we blame Castro for getting what he can where he can? And wouldn't we be playing a less hazardous and morally execrable role in Latin America if we refrained from embracing all the militarists and exploiters in that region?

End of a Myth

The loud bang that might have been heard as the polls closed in California was the explosion of the Knowland myth. No political fable of the post-war period has had wider currency or been more sedulously cultivated. "Bill" Knowland, according to this household rubric, is a big-hearted, blunt, decent, four-square type of politician; a man of unassailable personal integrity; not a trimmer or demagogue, but a man of character and principles. Yet when the chips were down, Knowland behaved in a manner that revolted even some of his stoutest supporters. Fake committees and fake letterheads burgeoned from one end of the state to the other. The Joe Kamp letter was circulated. The smears, elaborate and expensive from the outset, became progressively sillier as election day drew near. Item: a full-page advertisement, appearing in the major newspapers, which attempted to smear "Pat" Brown by calling attention to the bibliography of a guide to community relations for police officers which Brown had issued as State Attorney General. The names of six "dangerous" radicals were culled from this list of thirty-six authors, including the name of Franz Boas, who departed this life, rich in honors and widely revered, in the Year of Our Lord, 1942. By any reckoning the Knowland campaign was the prize "low level" effort in an election which nationally was happily free of smear tactics.

Stern's Law

The Nazis used to operate on the theory that a big enough lie stood a good chance of success. By the same token a man who makes a sufficiently grotesque public ass of himself may well impress a significant section of the citizenry. And that brings us to Bill Stern, the noted sports broadcaster.

On the air last month, Mr. Stern reported a correlation he had detected in our universities between the status of varsity football and the infiltration of Communist dogma. Noting that City College of New York, New York University, the University of Chicago and Harvard University are "hotbeds of communism," despite the best efforts of the authorities to stamp it out, Mr. Stern asked us to note the pregnant coincidence that three of these institutions maintain no football teams at all and the fourth (Harvard) does not support

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its team with anything approaching a coonskin-coat level of enthusiasm.

Boys, says Mr. Stern, will be boys. They like to hoot and holler and wave pennants and if they can't do it at the football stadium you may be sure they will do it in the party cell. "A locomotive for Khrushchev — let's hear you yell!" It's a thought to make the flesh crawl.

The great strength of a theory like Mr. Stern's is that rational rebuttal looks foolish and out of place in its company. So instead of asking this political dowser how he defines "hotbed" or for that matter "communism," or how he knows that this hostile creed has "flourished at these institutions" since football was either dropped or snubbed, we prefer to direct his feverish eye to yet another New York school of higher education. Fordham University, conducted by the Jesuit Order of the Catholic Church, used to produce football teams that struck terror second only to the Irish of Notre Dame. Football is not played at Fordham today. Is this evidence — by Stern's Law — that communism has finally broken the wall of Rome?

Accolade for Dr. Wensel

Nowadays it is difficult for an individual — Citizen Jones or Smith — to win recognition for a significant civic achievement. The major block is not ill will or indifference; it's just that any achievement, to be acknowledged as meritorious, must either succeed, or it will be dismissed as merely another example of eccentric behavior. The national press, for example, has written off the achievement of Dr. Louise O. Wensel in opposing Senator Harry Byrd in Virginia as though her excursion into politics was a quixotic adventure of little meaning or significance. But ponder the facts. Dr. Wensel, who resides in the town of Fisherville (population about 500), the mother of five children, decided that it would be a public scandal if Senator Byrd were permitted to return to the Senate unopposed. When the Republican state convention failed to name a candidate, Dr. Wensel appealed the issue to the GOP state committee, and lost there too. It was then that she decided to oppose the Senator herself. She had no organization, only one campaign worker, hardly a sou, and no newspaper support whatever. Four Virginia newspapers which had recently abandoned their opposition to integrated schools loyally supported Senator Byrd on the ground that Dr. Wensel was not "qualified." It is true that her credentials were a bit shaky, since she had moved to Virginia (from North Dakota) only four years ago.

Despite all these handicaps, Dr. Wensel polled nearly a third of the total vote. And this despite the fact that the oracles were declaiming that Virginia must roll up a vote for Byrd of such volume that it would carry a thunderous impact to all "enemies," foreign or domestic, of the Old Dominion. It was a national scandal that the Republican Party, which is supposed to be all out for integration, should have made a deal with Senator Byrd not to enter a candidate against him in return for his support of two incumbent Republican Congressmen (who were re-elected). Dr. Wensel couldn't prevent the consummation of the deal, but she registerd an effective protest against it.

THE PEOPLE WIN:

LANDSLIDE IN A VACUUM . . *by Carey McWilliams*

ONLY A MOMENT's reflection is needed to prompt the conclusion that the Democratic landslide was not produced by any sharp division over issues; there really were no issues presented. No one face or figure rallied the Democrats, in their separate campaigns, to any meaningful program. The Democrats were not demanding, with full-throated unity, a new foreign policy. Nor were they united in support of any bold new plan for social reform. To the extent that issues were a factor, they were necessarily tied to the record made by the Democratic Party in the 85th Congress, which the Democrats controlled. If Democratic voices were lifted in criticism of the Administration's handling of the Quemoy-Matsu crisis, the Democrats as a party had supported the Formosa Resolution; they could hardly now call for a new China policy. And so it went. In brief, there were no sharp issues in the campaign for the reason that the Rayburn-Johnson leadership was more closely identified in the public mind with *support* of the Administration than with *opposition* to it.

Nor do the usual glib post-mortem theories now making the rounds satisfactorily explain the Democratic sweep. For example, the usual off-year sentiment against an incumbent Administration does not account for the extent of the landslide. Local issues were doubtless important, but there couldn't have been *that* many local issues favoring the Democrats. Unemployment may have swelled Democratic majorities in certain states, but it did not figure as a national issue. The country was reasonably prosperous and it was not at war. To say that the image of the President has faded is trite; in any case, he played only a minor role in the campaign and, to most people, was regarded as virtually emeritus. The Democratic Party was better

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organized, presented more attractive candidates and ran stronger campaigns, but again these considerations do not explain the magnitude of its victory. Here and there, where the voters liked a candidate, the fact that he bore a Republican label did not bother them even when, as in New York, the Republican nominees tried to hide the label. The trend favored the Democrats, but it was not necessarily a politically partisan trend.

Right-to-work laws helped the Democrats in Ohio and California, but they were more a slogan than an issue. Indeed, the only state in which a right-to-work measure was adopted was non-industrial Kansas, where it could hardly have been an issue. In the industrial states of California and Ohio, where powerful unions may be found, the behavior of the voters indicates clearly enough that they did not want the unions weakened or, to put it another way, that they did not regard the right-to-work laws as anything other than political gimmicks or slogans.

ANY WAY YOU look at it, Tuesday's election was a landslide in a vacuum. And yet beneath the surface some acute and explosive tensions had been generated.

The key factor was the emergence of a new political mood, elusive, hard to define, but spotted by one or two observers during the campaign. "One finds," wrote Samuel Lubell, "a deep uneasiness. This uneasiness has a curious quality. It is not fretting over something that has already happened. Mainly, it reflects an anxiety over impending disaster, a sense that as a nation we are beset by problems which are slipping beyond our control." A reporter for the *Wall Street Journal* (October 27) captured much the same impression from a nation-wide tour: "There is little wild enthusiasm for the way things have been going. . . . Beneath the sense of well-being there sometimes runs a vague sense of uneasiness that people find hard to express. It is almost analogous to the 'free-floating' anxiety that can cause a person a feeling of depression, even though his everyday life is going smoothly. . . . This uneasiness is vaguely of the future, not of the reasonably happy present."

I would put it in even simpler terms. Despite the impression conveyed by the mass media, which so often reflect merely the harsh, glittering surfaces of American life, this country is full of thoughtful, intelligent, responsible citizens who have a deep love of their country and share an abiding concern for its good name and reputation. It may seem a trifle old-fashioned, even odd, to put the matter this simply, but it is necessary. For there is a curious libel abroad in the land that we as a people are frivolous nitwits, easily manipulated, who don't care much what happens in the world so long as our bellies are full and our books are in balance. This strange fiction finds half-hearted acceptance by nearly everyone. All those *other* people, each of us says, who seem so happy, prosperous and complacent, are not concerned, as we are, about the image of America that is being beamed throughout the world and that springs at us from the slick pages of the mass publications. It is not a pleasant image and few Americans really like it. As a people, we have not played the kind of role, all the way from Lebanon to Little Rock to Quemoy and Caracas, in which we can take unbounded pride or which conveys a sense of assurance for the future. The silo may be bulging, there may be money in the bank and two cars in every garage, but still we don't like this feeling of having somehow defaulted in our commitments as Americans. Whatever the mission of America may be, every thoughtful citizen knows it is not to spread Dullesism in world affairs.

Given the existing political situation, there was no way in which this new mood could find expression other than by registering a strong vote of "no confidence" in the Eisenhower Administration. But the returns cannot be read as a vote of confidence in the Democratic Party as such, or as a mandate for the Rayburn-Johnson leadership, or as a vote of approval for the record made by the Democratic Party in the 85th Congress. What the voters want is a leadership that will fashion, through its achievements and stated objectives, an image of the collective American effort in which they can take pride. This they have shown by a highly selective, neatly discriminating preference for candidates who, regardless of party affiliation, look, act and speak as though they might have some understanding of the world in which we live. Kennedy, Muskie, Mennen Williams, Hugh Scott, Harrison Williams, Rockefeller, Brown, Bowles, Hart, Eugene McCarthy, Gale W. McGee, Jennings Randolph, Howard W. Cannon, Clair Engel, William Proxmire — all these men share a somewhat similar outlook and have little in common with the more conservative elements of their respective parties. The center of gravity in this election, therefore, cannot be found in terms of a Left-Right political spectrum; it must be located as a breaking point, or dividing line, between generations and types. Essentially this election was an undirected, more or less spontaneous, revolt against a stale and stupid political leadership, against the Know-Nothing Class of '46, against political hacks and has-beens, against old-style bossism of the DeSapio variety, against smear tactics and labor-baiting, against the existing leadership of both parties for their failure to point a way out of a suicidal nuclear race and a stalemated cold war.

IT IS SOMETHING of a miracle that, with so little help from either party, the voters have done as well as they have in this election. On almost every count the 86th Congress should be a better, more liberal Congress than the 85th. The collective I. Q. has risen perceptibly, the age level has dropped, the tyranny of the past has receded a bit, the future has come a little nearer. In crippling the Neanderthal wings of both parties, the voters have set the stage for a realistic competition between Democrats and Republicans on the basis of service, competence and leadership, and if this competition becomes active enough it may yet restore the two-party system. The coalition between right-wing Republicans and Dixiecrats has been disrupted. The Dixiecrats are in deep

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trouble. What the revolt of '58 has accomplished, essentially, is to set the stage for some exciting and meaningful politics in 1960 by tossing out a warehouse full of weird props and retiring several companies of dreadful hams. After a decade of benumbing cold-war politics, domestic witch-hunting, of stagnation and complacency, a new political consciousness is beginning to assert itself, a new mood is seeking to find expression. Politicians, of course, are usually the last to learn of the emergence of a new political mood. But Democrats and Republicans alike—and particularly Democrats — had better study the results of this election with care, for it will shape the content and direction of American politics for the next decade.

THE PEOPLE LOSE:

An Incident in Massachusetts . . *by Margaret L. Coit*

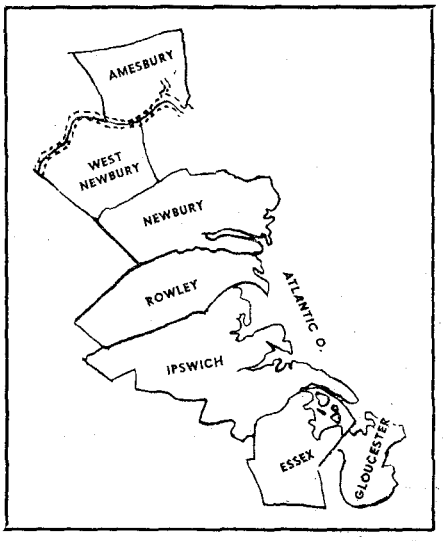
Essex County, Mass.

AMONG THE lesser triumphs of the Republican Party last week was the easy victory of Massachusetts State Representative Barclay Warburton, III. The Republican nomination is tantamount to election in the GOP's gerrymandered "eel" district in historic Essex County. The real election day was September 9, Primary Day, and the one chance the people of the district have to pick candidates of their own choosing.

The "eel district" deserves its name. It has been pictured in dictionaries as a grotesque example of partisan gerrymandering and includes areas that were part of the original American "gerrymander" back in 1812. It runs from industrial Amesbury south through the villages of West Newbury, Newbury, Georgetown, Rowley, Ipswich, the boat-building center of Essex, down to the back wards of Gloucester. Amesbury lies forty miles "north of Boston." Ipswich, center of the district, is scarcely thirty miles away.

The Second Essex is an awkward district, straggling, unwieldy. No constituencies could be further apart than the French-Canadian hat workers of Amesbury, the Greek-American mill workers and country-club citizenry of Ipswich, and the clammers and fishermen of Gloucester. These contrasts are symbolized by the clash on Primary Day of the millionaire socialite Barclay Warburton, III, of Ipswich and Albert Everett Elwell of West Newbury, both Republicans. For these men are symbols: Warburton of suburbia in ascendancy and Elwell of the Yankee in retreat.

Barclay Warburton, III, is a blond, bland-faced young man, who looks as though he would enjoy kissing babies of any age from three months to thirty years. He attended the "right" schools, and made Porcellian at Harvard. He married Mrs. Margaret Reed, a dark-haired "young society matron," as the cigarette advertisements described her when she helped out her husband's campaign by posing four years ago. She also helped him by producing five children. The family set itself up at Saracen Farms in Ipswich, whence Warburton emerges in khaki to lean over the fences of the few remaining Yankee farmers. Or you may see him cutting hay with his men in the fields, "just like he was no better than we are," one of the Ipswich Greek-Americans wonderingly observed.



The "Eel District"

Warburton is of New York and Bucks County origin. But he is also part of the "Essex County ring," dominant in Massachusetts politics since witchcraft days. As the "Essex County Junta," they touched off the Hartford Convention. Their "gentleman's agreement" with the "Boston Irish" united Puritan and Catholic censors in the Watch-and-Ward Society. Equally well-known inside Massachusetts is the division of spoils between the Irish and Beacon Hill. It is "understood," for instance, that state offices rotate between the major interest groups. However, the center of gravity has long since shifted from Beacon Hill to the Boston suburbs—Chestnut Hill in the South and the Prides Crossing-Ipswich area on the North Shore. There, in Ipswich, Essex, and nearby Hamilton, Wenham and Manchester-by-the-Sea, flourish branches of the great names of the Commonwealth: Lodge, Forbes, Gardiner, Means and — Barclay Warburton, III.

Warburton is the great-grandson of John Wanamaker and the stepson of William K. Vanderbilt, but more important, he is "connected" with the ruling hierarchy of the Bay State. In Massachusetts, the great families still rule, socially and politically. And through money, real or assumed, suburbia has been able to identify with the great families. These people in the "restored" Main Street Colonials, on the once-deserted farms, are the "station-wagon set," prototypes of the characters in Marquand's *Life at Happy Knoll.*

MARGARET L. COIT is the author of the best-seller, Mr. Baruch, *for which she was awarded The National Council of Women's annual book award. She is an assistant professor at Fairleigh-Dickinson University.*

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They send their sons to Exeter and Andover. They ride to hounds at Myopia and applaud Louis Armstrong at Castle Hill. They gather for picnics under the dark of the moon at Crane's Beach. In Ipswich or Newburyport drawing rooms, a Vincent Club "girl" may stand on her head, or a retired ambassador demand an impersonation of "Nude Descending the Staircase." The set participates avidly in Town Meetings, demanding exorbitant school and zoning programs that push many of the old-timers into the breadlines and render their children unable to build, or even remain, in their home communities.

INTO THIS happy world "Buzzie" Warburton fitted perfectly. But not Albert Elwell, a haunting figure who might have stepped out of Robert Frost's *North of Boston*. Elwell, now nearing sixty, is the personification of the "old Yankee," the rock-ribbed farmer who battled Indians and climate and stone-riddled fields. With his hollowed cheeks and deep-set eyes, his chiseled features and rugged frame in red-and-black wool shirt and jeans, he looms like a granite boulder in West Newbury Square, with its station-wagons and soft-spoken young executives, commuting home, brief-cases in hand.

Life has not been easy for Elwell. Although old-timers still remember his brilliance as a student, he got barely two years of high school. Farming in New England is a herculean task, in itself, yet for the past thirty years Elwell has found time to dominate the politics of his little town. He has long been chairman of the Board of Selectmen, a post roughly equivalent to that of Mayor.

There is irony in Elwell's personification of the past. In his youth, he was damned as wild and woolly, a radical who wanted a town water system when everyone had his own well in the back yard, a visionary who dreamed up a regional school years before anyone else had even thought of it. West Newbury has its water system today and its regional school, but many never forgave Elwell for the methods he used in fighting for them, nor for his support of the WPA. Elwell was town WPA Coordinator during the Great Depression, and he fought for the poor, the unemployed, the frightened. But the well-heeled old-timers, Yankee farmers who did well before World War II and inflation, objected to using federal funds for town projects, and their votes retired Elwell from the Town Hall in 1940. It took him ten years to come back as Selectman, and then only with the help of "new people," workers in the defense factories nearby.

By 1954, Elwell felt himself secure enough to contest Barclay Warburton for a seat in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. But echoes of past storms were reverberating around his head. As Selectman, he had had a row with the West Newbury Fire Department over his insistence that a new school had priority over a new fire station. Even worse, he was heard reciting Shakespeare in the town diner.

So word was passed through the district: Elwell was a screwball; Warburton was sound, solid and conservative. Straight from GOP headquarters came the command: "Keep Elwell out of the State House. . . . He won't take orders; he can't be controlled."

Elwell moved his car down swank Argilla Road in Ipswich, in the old Candlewood section near Heartbreak Hill, where he was born. Every weather-stained seventeenth-century house was like an old friend; and every tree and stone wall. Sometimes, he would stop to watch the play of light and color across the salt marshes, or a bird soar upwards. But he did not know the people—these outsiders from Boston and Long Island and Bucks County — and they looked at him in wonder. He told them about how his roots went deep into the county, about his grandfather in Gloucester and his boyhood on an Ipswich farm. One aging woman shook her head: "Rare, unspoiled, authentic New England Yankee," she murmured. Her daughter was less impressed. "Mr. Elwell's a farmer, like Mr. Warburton." The girl looked at Elwell's bent shoulders, his brown, calloused hands, adding: "But he works at it, doesn't he?"

The family history of a man three hundred years in the county meant nothing to the rootless suburbanites—nor even to the ruling families. For the Elwells and Kelleys and Lows had never been in the ruling circle. They had been farmers and sea people, mostly, with a strange, artistic streak (two noted nineteenth-century American artists were Elwells). But "Buzzie" Warburton was "our boy." So the 1954 Primary Day came and the votes diverged and narrowed and diverged again. Barclay Warburton, III, was nominated and subsequently elected.

IT WAS in the spring of 1957 that Warburton arose to proclaim, on the floor of the Massachusetts House, "the great discoveries that are coming into being." This was the Foundation for Perceptual Science. Man's great barrier had been "his inability to communicate with his fellow man," explained Warburton. Now this barrier was being lifted. "Through the caring one for another, based upon the true Christian principles . . . men begin to . . . have a perception one for another . . . a new kind of communication . . . a new kind of trust . . . in the Creator. . . . Think what it will mean in business or in politics . . . love, instead of hate. . . ." Through Perceptual Science, crossed eyes were straightened, neuroses forgotten, retarded children returned to school. It was Warburton's "greatest joy" to announce this, "the new spirit of America."

Warburton maintained an apartment in Boston for the accommodation of "Our Lady," the "Angel" of the order, a California optometrist of uncertain age, Dr. Ann Sutton Nichols. A friend of Warburton's revealed that the Representative was learning politics from "Our Lady," sometimes talking with her four hours a day on the telephone.

Soon, Warburton's joy dimmed. The blonde, young secretary of the cult disappeared, turning up weeks later in Florida. Vehemently, "Buzzie" denied the newspaper stories linking her name with his. He departed for Europe. By fall he was admitting, through counsel, that the "Angel" had wanted to build a temple, and that he had been rooked

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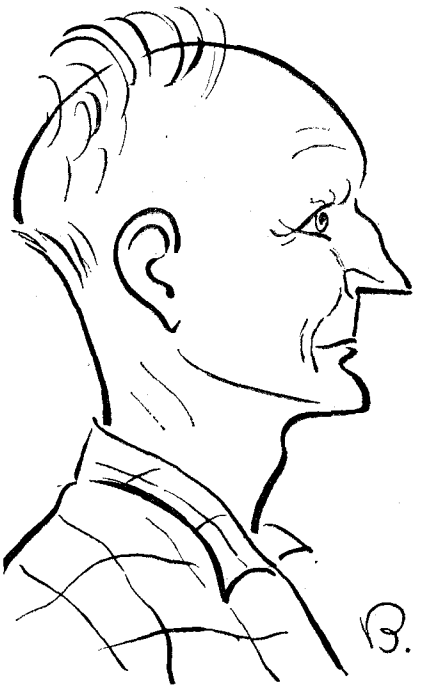
for sums between $70,000 and $90,000. His powers of perception had sharpened visibly. He now wanted to know just how "Our Lady" talked "with God."

LOOKING towards the 1958 primary campaign, an erstwhile Warburton supporter said: "If Buzzie is ever to be defeated, now is the time."

Over in West Newbury, Albert Elwell was getting rather different publicity. This, too, began in 1957, when a group of students from Fairleigh-Dickinson University in New Jersey attended a "March meeting" in Elwell's town as part of their Social Science program. They saw Elwell's enemies, accumulated in thirty years of town politics, attempt to "gang him." But, in the lean, dedicated Elwell, the students sensed the symbolism of a struggle that went beyond personalities and the Town Hall. They came back to write about what they had seen: of "the struggle . . . to preserve a small town as a rural community rather than as a suburb," and "the fascinating man who controls the town. . . . In his face one could see his grim, hard fight to stay on top, his fight as a small farmer and his struggle with those around him. . . . This man's struggle . . . might even be the struggle of New England [on a smaller scale]. . . ."

One student wrote a series of poems, *The Spirit of New England,* and dedicated them to Elwell. Others invited him to address a mass convocation at the University, this man from the New England hills, who had never spoken outside of a Yankee Town Hall. With wry, dry humor, he discussed the importance of the unimportant. At Teaneck, New Jersey, where he had been preceded by Adlai Stevenson and Governor Robert Meyner, he received one of the few ovations ever given a speaker at the University. "Who is that man—he's better than Stevenson," declared one faculty member.

With rough-hewn eloquence, Elwell painted the picture of dying rural New England: "The stone walls in straggling ruins lie; the fields to birch and bushes grow." Dr. Clarence Decker, University Vice President and President of the Poetry Society of America, asked him if he had thought of shaping his thoughts into verse. It was as if a spring had been undammed. Within six months, Elwell had written some fifty poems, with something of the music and shadowy quality that the early Frost had.



Albert E. Elwell

By last winter, the poems were appearing in newspapers. By summer, he had hit a national magazine. He had a speaking engagement in New York. He was writing editorials for the new Haverhill *Journal.* His Newbury neighbor, John P. Marquand, had him over to dinner and described him as a fascinating man.

MEANWHILE, the 1958 primary had gotten under way. Elwell understood the publicity value of his activities. "Had I just remained the candidate of the people over back," he once said, "I could never have stayed in office." He had a new campaign picture made, discarding the one of years past, with its look of an Old Testament prophet, the face as if carved out of granite, with only the eyes alive. The new picture was of a shrewd and fatherly-looking rural philosopher, solid and sound; but the father-image was blurred somewhat. Mrs. Warburton had obligingly produced a sixth child.

Elwell and Warburton were not the only candidates; six were running on the Republican side, alone. As the Second Essex is a double district, sending two Representatives-at-large to the State House, voters had two choices. The majority was certain to vote for the popular GOP incumbent, John Dolan of Ipswich; the real race was between Warburton and Elwell.

Both men were running for the usual reasons—a mingled desire for service and for recognition. But each had a personal axe to grind. Warburton sought vindication of the Boston escapade; for Elwell, it was a matter of survival. He had been one of the last farmers in West Newbury to hold out on a small family farm. Now the cows had gone, the chickens had gone; governing was the only other way he knew how to make a living.

Warburton, seemingly, was inclined to write Elwell off, at first. After all, he had the advantage of being "in": the preferred position on the ballot, the tacit support of the party machine, and the blessings of the "ring" as one of their own. But everywhere, Elwell's posters were accepted with recognition. "Oh, yes, we've been reading about him; he's a *good man.*" Elwell's team campaigned with almost fanatic devotion.

From across the district, money began to flow into Elwell's campaign chest—dollars and nickels, dimes and quarters. Elwell was jubilant. "Gee, what I can do with $200!" he said.

But there were snags. When Elwell supporters asked: "Have you had enough of Blundering Buzzie?" the answer came: "Buzzie's still our boy. After all, he paid $80,000 for his mistake. Any man's entitled to make a fool of himself once."

Members of the Greek working community were stolidly silent when faced with Elwell's picture. They were not interested in identifying with a working man; Warburton was what they wanted to be. Hadn't Buzzie seen to it that one of their own "Greek" residents was appointed to a judgeship, supplanting a native Yankee? Hadn't Buzzie invited the whole Greek and Polish community up to a cocktail party at Saracen Farm, and didn't that mean that they, at last, were beginning to

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crack the country-club set on Argilla Road?

Thanks to the double-district mix-up, one Argilla Road socialite could say: "I'm going to vote for Elwell; he's a remarkable man. But, poor Buzzie! I'm going to vote for him, too; this is his only chance for vindication."

In Amesbury, Elwell worked most vigorously. Amesbury resented the fact that both incumbent Representatives came from Ipswich. Amesbury felt neglected and without representation. The Amesbury *Daily News*, like the Lawrence *Eagle* and Haverhill *Gazette*, gave Elwell space to spell out his views on the area's tariff and hat-factory problems; and to sound his pet theme, that he was against more taxes because he was against more wasteful spending.

Constantly, Elwell challenged Warburton to debate the issues—the highway scandal and payroll padding, the tariff problem, the gerrymandering question. Warburton was wise enough to dodge Elwell on a platform. He knew that Elwell's gift was before an audience; his own, in the individual approach. Elwell could not charm women with small talk, gush over children or, unabashedly, ask for support; he was too much the taciturn Yankee for that. The setup worked to the advantage of Warburton. Elwell had but one chance to speak—for five minutes before the Sons and Daughters of Old Newbury. He electrified his listeners and, a few days later, was to carry Newbury in a sweep.

For the first time, the district newspapers took part in a State Representative primary contest. The Haverhill *Journal* backed Elwell's "shoe-string, shirt-sleeve campaign," acclaiming him as the personification of those qualities that are characteristic of New England: "honesty, character . . . and . . . that stubborn kind of rock-ribbed independence that 'won't take orders from nobody.'"

The tide was running Elwell's way. Elwell's modest yellow signs remained posted, and empty frames swung from trees where Warburton's had been ripped down. Elwell was worn ragged with the effort of trying to reach 18,000 people in the district, but he fought on. Down into Ipswich roared an Elwell sound-truck, quoting the Newburyport *News*: "Warburton poor choice!" A group of Greek residents roared back: "Get back to West Newbury, you farmers, and milk your cows!" Buzzie gave a supper party around the swimming pool at Saracen Farm; the day after Primary Day, at least a hundred pounds of lobster were found, unconsumed, on the town dump.

Two days before the primary, Warburton got into his Jaguar and drove into the little community of Georgetown. "Elwell's got me on the run," he is reported to have said, his voice incredulous, wondering. . . .

Runners went out. Nine telephones were set up in Ipswich, alone. How many wires were pulled, how much money was spent, how much liquor dispensed, no one ever knew. Primary Day came and Primary Night, and Elwell sat in the Town Hall in West Newbury and waited. The telephone began to ring. . . .

It was going Elwell's way. Town after little town, he carried, the last strongholds of the old Yankees. Even in West Newbury, for the first time in a generation, suburbanites and workers and bitter old-timers who realized, at last, that Elwell was one of their own, had closed ranks to pile him up a vote such as he had never known before.

A pretty, blonde girl hurried into Town Hall. She was Elwell's daughter, twenty-year-old Nancy Lewis, who had driven over from Merrimac to congratulate her father. The telephone jingled. Elwell had gained in Ipswich, but Warburton had held his majority. The socialites and Greeks had stood by "our boy."

The telephone rang again. The call was from Amesbury, the town which had so clamored for representation from the northern end of the district. Amesbury had not voted for Barclay Warburton, III. But it had not voted for Elwell, either. It had thrown its vote away on two native sons, unknown beyond the town line. It had thrown the contest to the socialite, Warburton, thrown the representation back to the southern end of the district, by depriving the one man who could have given it representation, of the votes he needed to win. Elwell was defeated by 233 votes out of 7,300 cast. The night darkened; the count was over. He sat in the Town Hall, alone with the dream that had ended.

The people, in their infinite wisdom, had decided.

THE SUBLIMINAL RABBIT . . *by Richard P. Barthol*

CAN SUBLIMINAL stimulation be used to gain control of our minds? The question has concerned men like Aldous Huxley, and has occupied space in such widely different publications as *Life*, *The Atlantic* and the *Wall Street Journal*. Science-fiction writers, those assiduous extrapolators of current events, assume that subliminal stimulation will be an integral part of future society. A short story printed in the *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* makes explicit the kind of fear that has been gnawing at many an intelligent mind. In the story, the protagonist has a piece of electronic equipment that can halt the pictures appearing on a TV screen (only the hero sees this, of course):

> He looked at the screen. . . . For a moment the actors moved at normal speeds and ordinary gestures. . . . Then there was a click, and all at once the actors seemed frozen in tableau unless you stared very close-

RICHARD P. BARTHOL is Associate Professor in the Psychology Department, and Associate Psychologist in the Institute of Industrial Relations, at the University of California in Los Angeles.

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ly and saw the slow drift of a hand, the changed expression of painted lips shaping a word. And in the next split second the slowed down images . . . suddenly blacked out. A message appeared in bold red letters against a white background:

CITIZENS OF TEXAS
The Communicators
Are Your Friends!
Obey the Austerity Program!
BE STRONG!
BE DISCIPLINED!
WORK AND OBEY!

There was a click and the message was gone. . . . What was it that engineer had said? He had called it subliminal broadcasting. Messages flashed at the speed of microseconds, so fast that the conscious eye and mind could not perceive them. The viewer knew nothing of this steady, monotonous invasion of his subconscious senses. . . . The Communicators had learned how . . . to keep the people enslaved. . . .

It was hideous, cruel, vicious. It made a mockery of man. It fashioned puppets out of the millions who lived and worked and obeyed in reply to the tug of invisible strings.*

Frightening, isn't it? Freud has pointed out that man responds to his subconscious wishes. If someone can manipulate our subconscious, and we do not know that it has been manipulated, then we have become slaves to the manipulator. 1984 is upon us, and twenty-six years early.

THE PUBLIC first heard of subliminal stimulation—or subliminal advertising—last fall when the press reported that the words "Eat Popcorn" and "Coca Cola" had been flashed on a motion-picture screen at speeds so fast that no one "saw" them. The sale of popcorn was reported to have increased 58 per cent, and the sale of Coca Cola 18 per cent. Reaction to these reports was immediate and vigorous. Sober, thoughtful people were disturbed by the implications. Noted writers pointed out the hazards; Congress investigated; the Federal Communications Commission took action. Meanwhile, the professional psychologists seemed to be standing idly by, content to watch the world rush on to subliminal destruction.

Before we blame the psychologists too much, it might be wise to assess the available information. Contrary to general opinion, subliminal stimulation is not a new discovery; it has been well-known to psychologists for many years, although not clearly understood. In essence, it works this way. People respond to stimuli in the world around them. Some of these stimuli are recognized, and can be clearly specified. Some of them are not recognized consciously. Those that are not recognized consciously can be called "subliminal." If you will pause in reading this article, and listen, you will hear sounds that you had not heard while reading. Maybe a clock is ticking. The sound was subliminal as long as you were not attending to it; as soon as you listened, it was no longer subliminal. Many years ago psychologists discovered that, under specific conditions, pictures or words shown at such speeds that the viewer could not "see" them, nevertheless had some effect.

LET US consider the possible uses of this technique. One might be to strengthen the emotional tone of a motion picture or television show. Here no ethical problem is involved. We are dealing solely with entertainment; we pay for illusion, and expect the producer to use every means at his disposal to increase the illusion. Where subliminal stimulation can make a film more effective, I see nothing wrong with its use. It can never, in any case, make a good picture out of a poor one.

The really important use of the technique, of course—and the one that gives so many people pause—is for advertising or political purposes. This assumes that subliminal stimulation can actually create an attitude, provoke a specific act or series of acts, or convey some specific, meaningful information. I do not believe that subliminal advertising can do any of these things to any significant extent. I believe that our nervous systems are so inefficient, our defense so strong, that the technique is virtually powerless in this field. The potential danger from witchcraft or controlled mind-reading would be much greater—if we had any good witches or mind-readers.

The evidence indicates that the most that subliminal stimulation can do is to affect a mood and possibly an attitude, albeit ever so slightly. Occasionally, perhaps, it can even indicate an idea. But all evidence also shows strongly that even the most clearly-structural stimuli are reinterpreted by us to fit in with our value systems. Ambiguous stimuli we distort beyond belief; and clearly subliminal stimulation falls into the category of ambiguous stimuli. Supraliminal stimuli—that is, stimuli that are clearly perceived and understood—have incalculably greater impact. A colleague, Dr. Michael Goldstein, and I have recently completed a study which showed quite clearly that while supraliminal stimuli can have an overriding effect, subliminal stimulation can do no more than shift a feeling a small amount—not enough to make any effective difference.

Furthermore, the evidence shows that the *specificity* of the subliminal stimulus is lost. Thus, if Coca Cola presents its message subliminally, and there is any effect, we might find people drinking Pepsi-Cola or Cocomalt, or smoking corn silk, or taking cocain, or eating coconuts, or visiting their friend Colonel Corcoran. The messages that get through are almost always distorted. I really hope that subliminal techniques can be improved to the point where the number and length of TV commercials can be reduced. But at best, only extremely limited information could be presented. One can present the word "apple," or even the words "apple tree," but "Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me" is much too complicated. Even if the whole sentence were received by the viewer, and even if it were treated as an absolute directive, there would be no way of knowing how the viewer might react. If a woman, she might miss the first word and be hanging around all kinds of apple trees—and with everyone else but me. In any case, the whole message could not be conveyed subliminally by any technique that can

*Aarons, Edward S., "The Communicators": *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction.* 14:6, June, 1958. pp. 52-53.

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be imagined at the moment. The advertiser — or potential political dictator — cannot present complex thoughts, and can never be sure that even a simple thought will be received and interpreted in the way he wants.

ALMOST ALL psychologists agree that subliminal stimulation is at best an ineffective technique for motivating or manipulating others. At the present time, there is no visible danger to the public from its indiscriminate use; the probabilities are low that it could ever prove to be dangerous.

What could be dangerous is not subliminal advertising, but the energy spent on attacking it that might better be spent elsewhere. Subliminal stimulation is a *safe* thing to attack; we are free to beat our chests about it, to view with alarm this "abridgment" of personal liberty, without being criticized, investigated, fired from our jobs, or ostracized. In other words, subliminal stimulation is a splendid scapegoat. With dragons all around us, we can retain our knighthood by attacking a small rabbit. I could fill several pages listing some of the real dangers which we face as individuals — from anti-intellectualism to anti-smog-control. But these are not necessarily safe to attack. These dragons have teeth.

Let us take an example. In an expanding population, it is strange to find that the number of newspapers is decreasing. And the number of *independent* newspapers is shrinking at an appalling rate. We can demonstrate in the laboratory, and in the field, that a single point of view, presented insistently, can and does change beliefs and attitudes. And the techniques are all supraliminal, not subliminal. It has been said that we have a one-party press in this country. If this be true, we know that it is not only possible, it is highly probable, that the integrity of the individual will be violated. There are only two, or possibly three, news magazines of large circulation in this country. They all present the same point of view, and persistently insert the point of view into the news stories. The general public is not trained to recognize the subtle ways in which a story can be slanted to leave a certain impression. We do not necessarily catch what is being done to us when one politician is characterized as "aging (sixty-two)" and another as "mature (sixty-two)."

Are you perchance an educator, concerned about thought control? What are you doing about training your students to recognize the known techniques of distortion? Are you possibly an editor, or publisher, or reporter, concerned about freedom of the press and the rights of man? What are you doing about your own publication and the news stories? (Never mind about the editorials: they are recognized as points of view.) Do you slant, or tolerate slanting, in your stories so that you can put over the "right" point of view? Or maybe you are just a private citizen. When did you write your last letter of protest to a publisher or a politician?

Consider another example. So-called motivation research is a powerful tool for mass manipulation. We have been saved from the full impact of that technique only because most of the practitioners of the art are better salesmen of their wares than they are scientists. They do not know how to use the tools that are available to them. But this need not always be true.

In recent years, some of our giant industrial organizations seem to have developed social consciences. Again, this need not continue. Psychological techniques are available that could yield them immense power. Fortunately, we have been protected by the anti-intellectual attitudes of many of our more powerful citizens, who seem to believe that "if you haven't met a payroll," your ideas must necessarily be unsound.

We have problems of prejudice, ignorance, segregation. We have a public press that is only partially free. We are being sold automobiles that are too big and too expensive. We smoke cigarettes, knowing that we are likely to get lung cancer. Our teachers are inhibited from teaching what they believe.

Are you concerned about ethics? Do you have a social conscience and want to protect the integrity of the individual? Don't waste your time on subliminal stimulation. Live dangerously. Stop scapegoating. Fight something that is here, and real, and important—even if it can fight back.

FORBIDDEN VOYAGE . . *by Earle L. Reynolds*

Honolulu

ON MAY 2, 1958, the sailing yacht *Phoenix* glided into Honolulu harbor, having successfully completed a circumnavigation of the world. There were five people aboard: my wife Barbara, cook and good companion; son Ted (nineteen), navigator; daughter Jessica (fourteen), cabin girl, extra ballast and keeper of the ship's cats; Nick Mikami, our fellow yachtsman from Hiroshima; and myself, owner and skipper.

The *Phoenix* is a ruggedly-built, double-ended, fifty-foot ketch, designed specifically for deep-sea cruising. She was built to my own plans, between 1951-54, by local shipwrights near Hiroshima. During this period I was in Japan as anthropologist for the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, making a study of the effects of atomic radiation on the surviving children of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

When we reached Honolulu we were happy, tired and (I admit) a bit proud of our accomplishment. Since we had lifted anchor in Hiroshima on October 4, 1954, we had sailed about 50,000 miles without

EARLE L. REYNOLDS, anthropologist, studied the effects of radiation on the survivors of Hiroshima for the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission.

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mishap, spent over 500 days at sea, and visited over 100 ports. It was our plan to relax awhile, do some writing, overhaul our *Phoenix,* and then, around November, continue on our voyage back to Hiroshima.

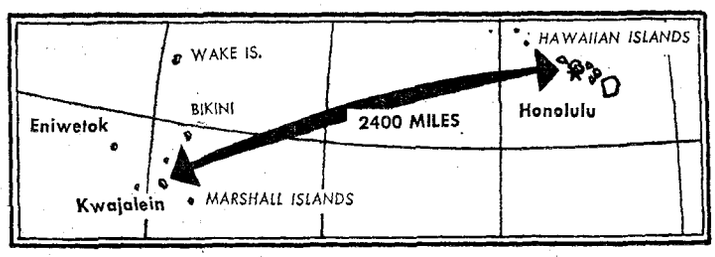
I think all of us felt that our trip around the world would always remain the highlight of our lives, that never would we make a voyage more important. We were wrong.

In the yacht harbor, close to where the *Phoenix* rested from her travels, there lay another yacht, the *Golden Rule,* a bright, saucy little ketch. Her mission belied her appearance, however, for she had recently arrived from California, and she was bound for the nuclear-testing zone near Eniwetok. Or rather, she had been bound for Eniwetok, for on the previous day her crew of four men, led by ex-naval officer Albert Bigelow, had been arrested.

A recent ruling by the Atomic Energy Commission had made this vast area of open sea, almost as large as Texas, off limits to unauthorized Americans. It was the intention of the men of the *Golden Rule* (and a fifth man, who joined the group later) to enter this area as a moral protest against war and the testing of nuclear weapons. In Honolulu, an injunction had been issued against the departure of the *Golden Rule* on this voyage of unarmed protest. The men violated the injunction, were arrested, tried, found guilty, and each of them sentenced to sixty days in the Honolulu jail. And thus the voyage of the *Golden Rule* came to an abrupt end.

WE ON BOARD the *Phoenix* became profoundly interested in this case. We went to the trial, we read all the accounts, we talked to the men themselves and to their lawyers; we questioned their unofficial sponsors, the local Quaker group; we talked to an AEC representative, to the Coast Guard, to a group of Marshallese university students.

At the same time, Ted and I did a lot of library research. We studied the laws which regulate the functions, duties and rights of the AEC; we consulted that area of international law which governs freedom of the seas; we examined the constitutionality of the testing of nuclear weapons on the high seas; we checked on the responsibilities and promises of our government, under the Trusteeship Agreement, toward the inhabitants of the Marshall Islands. As an anthropologist, with a background in the study of the effects of nuclear radiation on man, I brought myself up to date on the published research in this area.



I will not enter into a lengthy discussion of our findings, but will make this capsule summary of our conclusions: first, the AEC has for years misled and misinformed the American public on the effects and dangers of radiation fallout; second, the recent regulation of AEC prohibiting entry into the nuclear-test zone is, on several counts, illegal; third, the testing of nuclear weapons in this area is unconstitutional; fourth, our treatment of the natives of the Marshall Islands, where these tests have been held, has very clearly violated the conditions under which we were given trusteeship in this area. [See "Legality of Bomb Tests," by Emanuel Margolies, *The Nation,* Dec. 31, 1955.]

Acting on our knowledge, we expressed our opinions as individual citizens. We wrote to the local newspapers, and to the several hundred people on our round-the-world mailing list. We cabled Lewis Strauss, then head of AEC, and his only boss, the President. From each we received the same answer: a mimeographed release, sweetly soothing in style.

Gradually the conviction grew, amongst all of us on board the *Phoenix,* that we must do more than talk. We must seriously consider carrying on the work that the men of the *Golden Rule* had begun. And yet, it was difficult for us to come to this decision. None of us was politically minded, and none of us had strong religious convictions. We were all, I think it is fair to say, law-abiding citizens, and we found it personally distasteful and even repugnant to consider breaking a law—even one we considered to be illegal.

On the other hand, we all felt strongly that the men of the *Golden Rule* were both morally and legally right in making their protest. Such a protest was taken on their own personal responsibility and at their own risk. They were mature Americans of high moral character. Their entry into the nuclear-test zone involved no threat of injury to any other person, and no violation of military "security."

WE DECIDED to sail. On June 11 we left Honolulu, clearing for Japan by way of the high seas. On the day we sailed, we did not know whether or not we were going to enter the zone. We represented no organization and were sponsored by no group. We knew that it would take the *Phoenix* about three weeks to reach the edge of the nuclear-test zone. During that time we intended to study, to think, and to examine our consciences. Before we reached the forbidden zone, we would decide what to do.

Day after day we sailed westward, with light trades and calm seas. Daily, at a pre-announced time, we gave our position by radiotelephone, which had a range of less than 500 miles. Sometimes our call would be acknowledged by a Coast Guard or Navy ship, sometimes not. On June 19, just south of Johnston Island, a puzzling event occurred. We had tuned in on 2,182 kilocycles and could hear voices. When the air was clear, I gave our position. There was a moment's silence, then we heard a laugh, and a mocking voice said, "Harry Bridges calling the *Golden Rule.*" Then there was silence.

We knew only too well what this meant. It meant that our call had

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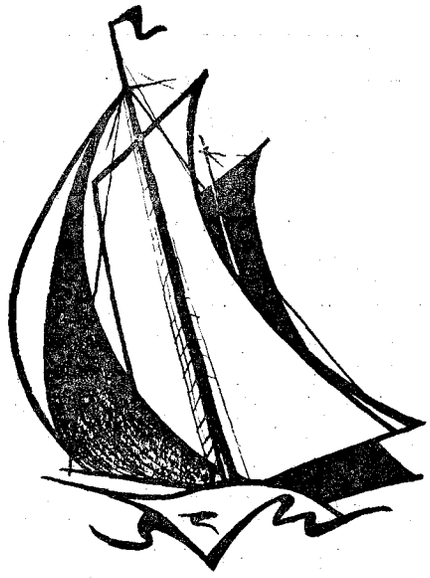
been heard, our position noted. It meant further that we were regarded contemptuously, not worthy of a proper reply, and that we could place no further confidence in the integrity of our government. Completely out of touch with the rest of the world, we were at the mercy of the military.

We sailed on. When the *Phoenix* was about three days' sail east of the zone, we all knew, without prolonged discussion, what we were going to do. Our decision had not come about through any involved debate. We had been together, on a small boat, for almost four years. The youngsters acceded of their own free will. Ted, now twenty, who has navigated a ship around the world, can hardly be classed as a youngster; and as for Jessica, she had been given the opportunity, back in Honolulu, to stay there and go to school or to return to Madison, Wisconsin, to live with her grandmother. She chose to stick with the *Phoenix*. My wife and I agreed that it was entirely appropriate for children to be permitted to fight for the world of which they are the inheritors.

Late on the night of June 30, we sighted the lights of a ship off the port beam. At once we put on our masthead light, and I began to call on the radio. The ship did not answer our calls, but instead came close alongside in the darkness, a difficult and—for the *Phoenix*—a very dangerous maneuver.

Our visitor was the Coast Guard ship *Planetree*. From the bridge, high above us, the skipper shouted down. We could catch snatches of his words above the noise of the wind and waves, but at the moment we were more concerned with the safety of our own ship. By approaching us from upwind, our visitor had blanketed our sails, and we had lost headway and hence ability to control our course. We were so close under the bow of the *Planetree* that we could not see her side-lights.

As we wallowed helplessly in the dark, the captain called out to us the well-known AEC order prohibiting entry into the nuclear-test zone. He asked if we were going to enter the zone or "go around." I shouted "enter," and gradually the *Planetree* pulled clear. Our sails once more



filled with wind, and we carried on to the west. (Weeks later, at the trial, the captain of the *Planetree* admitted that he could hear us plainly over the radio, but refused to say why he would not answer. Perhaps he was under orders, or perhaps he had merely wished to scare us. He succeeded.)

All the rest of that night, and all the next day, our unwelcome companion followed us. During the day, I sent out the following radio message: "If any civilian or commercial ship or station can hear this call, will you come in please? I wish to make the following announcement. The U. S. Yacht *Phoenix* is sailing today into the U. S. nuclear-test zone, as a protest against nuclear testing. Please inform appropriate civil authorities of our action. Also please inform the Japanese Government as there is a Japanese citizen aboard. Our present position is approximately 14° N, 170°40′ E. We are sailing west." There was no answer.

That evening, just before dark, our dead-reckoning put us near the border of the zone. Again we were overhauled, and again we were warned. We acknowledged the warning, and continued on, sailing in the general direction of Bikini. All night the *Planetree* followed us.

IT WAS A STRANGE and sleepless night. We had no idea what would happen to us, and whatever happened, there was nothing we could do about it. Would we be permitted to sail on? Would we be forced to stop? Would we be taken off, and the *Phoenix* sunk? Or would she be quietly sent to the bottom, with all hands? If a reader scoffs at this last possibility as being melodramatic, I can only say that you weren't out there with us that night.

The next morning, about two hours after daylight, our pursuer again came alongside, and ordered us to heave to. We were now about sixty-five miles inside the zone. I asked his authority for stopping us on the high seas, and he called out the numbers of some Coast Guard regulations. I asked if I was under arrest, and was told I would be arrested as soon as my ship was boarded. After enough questions to establish the circumstances, I announced that I was stopping at his orders, and under protest, and that I considered the arrest to be illegal. The captain shouted that he would so record it in his logbook, and I then hove to.

We were boarded by two armed men, and I was placed under arrest. I was given two choices: I could sail my ship, under their orders, to Kwajalein, or I would be towed there. Kwajalein, an atoll in the U. S. Trust Territories, which had been taken over by the Navy, lay several hundred miles to the south. For the safety of my ship, I elected to sail, but stated that I was doing so under protest, and that I considered their actions illegal.

Within half an hour a Navy destroyer, the *Collett*, hove in sight, and took over. The *Planetree* continued on to Hawaii. Our captors on board took orders by visual signal from the destroyer, and passed them on to me. Under close escort, the *Phoenix* sailed to the south.

Early the next morning, I made this entry in my log: "0430. Light of blast in sky—W to WSW. Orange sky through gaps in clouds. 'Like a gigantic flash-bulb' (Ted)." At this time we were just outside the zone, and about 200 miles east of Bikini. We turned on the radio, and heard a Tokyo announcer give the news of another nuclear blast in the Hardtack series near Eniwetok.

On the evening of July 4 we arrived in the inner harbor of Kwa-

(*Continued on page 368*)

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Ecology, or the Art of Survival

THE WARBLERS OF AMERICA. Edited by Ludlow Griscom and Alexander Sprunt, Jr. The Devin Adair Co. 356 pp. $15.

WILD PARADISE. By Guy Mountfort. Houghton, Mifflin Co. 304 pp. $7.

W. S. Merwin

WHEN I say that as I perused these two books the question of survival kept up a dull *continuo* in my head, intruding itself on my pleasure at intervals like the sound of a faucet left running somewhere, I do not mean to comment adversely on the books. Nor am I perversely stretching their scope in the interest of a needless topicality. I am talking about survival of human beings as well as of birds, and I am using the word survival in its familiar contemporary sense — as distinguished from the perennial objective which impels flocks of Magnolia Warblers to migrate over vast distances at night at the risk of crashing headlong into obstacles and perishing by thousands, and which has taught the marvelously camouflaged Stone Curlew, in southern Spain, to keep as still as the ground it nests on and the eggs it broods. In its natural sense, of course, the question of survival has been with us since we were amoebas, or whatever we were. We may have developed ears, at first, to listen to it, and minds primarily to be haunted by it. For *homo sapiens* it has a peculiar meaning: one of the essential things that separate us from the other animals is our awareness of our mortality; not a day passes, in the life of an ordinary man, when he is not reminded of his eventual death.

In our time, however, the question has developed a special sense. Nearly as close and insistent as the old "how long will I survive," we keep hearing "how long will anything survive?" We have this all to ourselves too; the other animals are not aware that tomorrow they may be blasted to nothing, or deprived of the necessities of their existence. But there are important differences between the two questions: the old one, for example, is posed by the nature of existence, and there is, finally, nothing that can be done about it; the more recent one is a reverberation set up by human action, and the inference is that human responsibility might be effective in controlling it. I am not talking just about The Bomb. I go on the assumption, which I cannot avoid, that there is some link between a society's threat to destroy itself with its own inventions, and that same society's possibly ungovernable commitment to industrial expansion and population increase, which in our own country remove a million acres from the wild every year, and which threaten more and more of the wild life of the globe.

I AM told that this is a rash assumption; alas, the subject at times has led me to entertain notions which were even crankier. A bird of prey — or a warbler, for that matter— requires such-and-such an area to range over in order to survive; I have wondered whether a society in which there were not a given minimal area of wild land for every human being, whether or not he cared about it, knew about it, or ever laid eyes on it — any more than he ever sees the fields his potatoes come from — might not also be on the way out. The bird ceases to exist through starvation, or because his breeding conditions disappear, or through encroachment and slaughter. As for a society, when it possesses the means of its own destruction, and grows daily more crowded, restless, tense, unhappy and disoriented, in situations without precedent, what is likely to happen to it? If it survives might it not do so only under circumstances so artificial, restricted and neurotic as to resemble captivity? I am reminded that man is, after all, a civilized animal, and not a bird nor in most senses comparable with one. And I hurry to state that I am not proposing a return to some Never-Never Land in the past — indeed I am not nearly as long on proposals as I would wish. However, I am addicted to both birds and men, and that faucet keeps running somewhere.

Neither ecology (which in Mountfort's *Wild Paradise* is described simply as "studying the relations of animals and plants to their environment and to each other") nor man's usually disastrous influence upon it, is the main subject of these books. But for one thing we are confronted, as in so much contemporary writing about non-civilized animals, with a more or less overt feeling that a sentence has been passed and is gradually being executed; undoubtedly this will continue to be usual at least as long as the words "wild" and "waste" are practically interchangeable when referring to land. For another thing, the detailed evidence of how well most species have adapted to their different environments, with their various perils and intruders, is inevitably contrasted with the bafflement, diminution and defeat of a growing number of species in the presence of man. So the Chestnut-Sided Warbler, in whose nest the parasitic cowbird often deposits an egg, "sometimes responds by covering the intruding egg with an additional nest flooring," and vultures are able to gather out of an apparently clear sky because with their extremely long-range eyesight they "watch each other and the smaller scavengers as they patrol the skies; a downward movement is the signal awaited and this is instantly passed on for miles around, as one after the other follows suit." On the other hand kites, which in Shakespeare's London were "well protected and became so confident that they would take crusts from the hands of children on London Bridge," have dwindled until in all of Great Britain "only about twenty-five pairs of our kites survive, in a closely guarded hill area in Wales." The "Demoiselle Crane and Black Stork used to nest on the Coto; given continued protection they may yet do so again," though when a pair nested north of the Coto in 1952 the nest was robbed by egg-collectors. Still, not all species are vanishing; some of them, particularly some of the smaller insectivorous ones, including certain warblers, are actually on the increase. And not all ornithologists are specially anxious: indeed Ludlow Griscom, in an introductory essay to *The Warblers of America,* waxes grumpy over the fact that "sentimentality" and protection threaten to make bird-nesting and egg-collecting lost arts.

IN ANY CASE each of these books is a delight. Both are lavish with pictures which alone would make either book desirable. *The Warblers of America* contains, apart from black-and-white illustrations, thirty-three color plates of paintings, by John Henry Dick, of the warblers in their preferred habitats, often showing immature plumage as well as that

W.S. MERWIN is a poet whose work has appeared frequently in these pages. A collection of his verse, Green With Beasts, *was published in 1956.*

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of the adult male and female. The organizers of this book have gone to considerable lengths to make it the most comprehensive compendium of the warbler family to date, and no doubt it will remain that for some years to come. It includes, for example, Alaskan, Mexican, West Indian, and Central and South American warblers as well as those of the U.S. and Canada; the South American entries were included at the last minute, and forced the editors to change the title, even though the book's jackets, bearing the title, "The Warblers of *North* America," had already been printed. The family is limited to the Western Hemisphere, so the book covers its entire range. Different ornithologists —there are some twenty-one contributors—who have specialized in particular warblers, supply life-histories and other information for each species; sometimes more than one has his say about the same warbler. Apart from the life-history, we are given, at least for every species that breeds in the U.S., the derivation of the Latin name, the local English names, field characteristics, nesting data, description of voice, food habits, general range and in some cases breeding habits, population studies and migration notes. There are essays, besides, on the family as a whole, its classification, means of studying it, its songs and interpretations of them, geographical distribution, and migration routes; and charts of foraging ranges, vegetation maps and bibliographical references. Obviously, anyone interested in warblers would water at the mouth until he had the book; I should think anyone at all curious about birds would be glad to have a volume where he could discover, for example, how it is that the Bachman's Warbler with its exquisite song manages to be a ventriloquist, and what sort of person the Reverend John Bachman was, whose two daughters got married to Audubon's two sons.

THE 130 pictures in *Wild Paradise* are for the most part superb photographs, some in color, by Eric Hosking. The Coto Doñana, which is the "wilderness" whose fauna they and the book's text portray, is an almost uninhabited stretch of southwestern Spain, northwest of Jerez de la Frontera, bounded by the Atlantic Ocean on the west, and the Rio Guadalquivir and a broad area of marshland on the south and east. Three ornithological expeditions visited it, in 1952, 1956 and 1957; among the distinguished ornithologists, ecologists, botanists and biologists who manned one or more of the field trips were Sir Julian Huxley, Field Marshal The Viscount Alanbrooke and Roger Tory Peterson. The Coto Doñana's immense attraction to ornithologists lies in the fact that its mixture of dry and wet habitats is "placed on the hinge between Europe and Africa" where it "has been able to draw on an exceptionally wide range of species" and thus "by the end of three weeks we had found, in this relatively small and completely flat area, no fewer than 171 different species, or more than one-third of the total occurring throughout the whole of Europe." The finds included several birds which are hard to see anywhere, and a few which are almost never seen in that part of the world. Photography, as I have suggested, was one of the chief objectives of the expeditions. The photographic and cinematographic haul which resulted was enormous; the plates in this book, which include pictures of many species never before photographed, represent a minute fraction of it. And it is interesting to read, for example, of the care and patience with which pylons and blinds were constructed at tree-top level, within a few feet of the nests of several birds, including a Spanish Imperial Eagle, so that the growth, feeding and behavior of the nestlings could be photographed without disturbing either nestlings or parents; as well as to learn of the conduct of the nestlings themselves, of the nesting ethics of heron colonies, the parasitic techniques of the Great Spotted Cuckoo, and the tunneling methods of the brilliantly colored Bee-Eater. A handsome book, and a fascinating one.

The Thinking Machine

THE IDEA OF FREEDOM. By Mortimer Adler. For The Institute of Philosophical Research. Doubleday & Co. 689 pp. $7.50.

ESSAYS ON INDIVIDUALITY. Edited by Felix Morley. University of Pennsylvania Press. 270 pp. $5.

Harvey Swados

SOME OF US who have been fascinated by his multifarious intellectual activities may be tempted to speculate that Dr. Mortimer Adler does not really exist, that he is a contemporary ectoplasmic emanation of the mad scientists and word-drunken philosophers gloriously created by Rabelais, Cervantes, Swift and Goethe. This temptation should be forsworn. Dr. Adler does indeed exist, and the very fact that his dreams have attained physical dimension should differentiate him from the wild-eyed alchemists and ineffectual scholars who people the classics. Clearly, Dr. Adler is surpassingly effectual: he was not only associate editor of *Great Books of the Western World* and editor-in-chief of *The Great Ideas, a Syntopicon,* and an intimate of business executives, but within the year he has turned out two more books, *The Capitalist Manifesto* and *The Revolution in Education,* in addition to the one currently noted. What he has effected is a marriage of corporate efficiency and scholastic dreariness.

In *The Idea of Freedom* the doctor and his California payroll of twenty-one-odd philosophical assistants (together with a staff of administrators and a panel of unimpeachably eminent consultants, all duly listed in the preliminary pages of the volume) have given to the world a cross-indexed catalogue of everything they can discover that otherwise disputatious philosophers have agreed upon about freedom during the past several thousand years. Had it been undertaken by one determined man, this effort to establish points of concordance between John Dewey and Duns Scotus, Bertrand Russell and Aquinas, might be thought an accomplishment both entertaining and in some degree meritorious; but there can be those, can there not, who are given pause by the very massiveness of the team's crash program during a seven-year period when other philosophers in other lands—China, Spain, Hungary, Poland, Russia among others —were not only learning but demonstrating in their persons what freedom and its absence could mean. A fraction of the resources seemingly poured without stint into the activities of the Institute of Philosophical Research might have done much to sustain these distant libertarians in their more pragmatic studies.

At this juncture, the reviewer must make a predictably vain but nonetheless sincere effort to forestall those who will charge him with (a) ignorant presumptuousness in the face of a mass of data certified by important intellects, and (b) frivolous neglect to summarize the contents of a serious work. One can phrase no better indication of the texture and tenor of this volume than that provided by the author himself on page 620:

It has required twenty-seven chap-

HARVEY SWADOS' latest book is On the Line, *a novel dealing with the lives of auto workers.*

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ters to present, with supporting evidence, a hypothesis about the conceptions and theories of freedom, a hypothesis which has taken shape with the gradual identification of the various subjects under discussion. The dialectical work that remains to be done is, if anything, more extensive. The results will be presented in the next volume, which will set forth the genuine disagreements that can be found in the discussion of freedom. Such disagreements represent only one side of the picture. The other face of it reveals the agreements indispensable to controversy. In this volume we have shown the variety and extent of the agreements about freedom that exist among those who disagree on that subject.

While we await the inevitable companion volume—inevitable if only because no less than nine foundations, according to Dr. Adler's graceful acknowledgment, are underwriting the Institute—let us remember that with these investigations of freedom the Institute will only have *begun* its gargantuan labors. "Its aim is to clarify the prevailing philosophical diversity on basic subjects like freedom, law, justice, knowledge, or love. . . ." This reader's preference, should he live so long, will surely be for the last volume, when the weary but game scholastics, cheered on by additional grants secured by the indefatigable Dr. Adler, will finally have succeeded in codifying and reconciling Tennessee Williams, Sappho, S. de Beauvoir, Ovid, D. de Rougemont, A. Kinsey, W. Shakespeare and Colette.

MEANWHILE, back at the Princeton Inn, a group of twelve individualists had foregathered in the summer of 1956 for a "Symposium on Individuality and Personality" sponsored by The Foundation for American Studies, to consider the implications of a dozen papers they had previously exchanged. It is those papers—but unfortunately not the discussion they inspired—that form the contents of *Essays on Individuality*. Let it be noted at once that, despite the formidable auspices and the incipiently ludicrous aura that must surround any collective effort to comprehend and defend individuality, what we find here is a civilized gathering of bewildered and hence recognizable human beings. It is refreshing to hear separate voices, some declamatory, some plaintive, trying to explain what they mean by freedom and individualism, after the homogenized prose of Dr. Adler. Among the predictable contributions by John Dos Passos, Editor Felix Morley, Arthur Ekirch and others, that of Friedrich A. Hayek, entitled "The Creative Powers of a Free Civilization," stands out as a substantial, eloquent and admirably forthright statement, while Joseph Wood Krutch's "As a Man Thinketh" is unique in its examination of certain major problems of contemporary civilization usually sighed over, not by despondent conservatives, but rather by frightened Socialists. For the most part, however, the mood of these essays is elegiac and backward-glancing, and the tendency is to beat straw men, to proclaim rather desperately the unbreakable bonds uniting personal freedom and free-enterprise capitalism, and to place primary responsibility for the uglier excrescences of modern industrial life on the translation of liberal and radical ideals into reality.

Last of the Globe-Trotters

JOURNEY TO THE BEGINNING. By Edgar Snow. Random House. 434 pp. $5.

Lewis Gannett

EDGAR SNOW might be called the last of the great tribe of inter-war globe-trotting reporters. There was Duranty—exiled by a routine-minded bureau chief from his beloved Paris; he went from Baltic exile to romance and history and fame in Moscow. There was Sheean—fired for merit from the New York *Daily News*; he met the red-headed Rayna Prohme in Canton and frankly called his book *Personal History*. There was the versatile Chicago *Daily News* team which started John Gunther on his inside career. There were Shirer and Stowe and St. John and a dozen more, who used their own eyes, wrote as they pleased and relished the adventure of contemporary history. Their places seem to be taken today by faceless agency men and nameless frustrated artists who polish mosaic chips to be fitted by other hands into home-office patterns for the news weeklies.

The young writer of the 1920s, if he grew up east of the Mississippi, dreamed of getting somehow to Paris, working for a pittance for the European edition

LEWIS GANNETT, for many years daily book reviewer of the New York Herald Tribune, *is editor of the* Mainstream of America *series.*

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of the New York *Herald* or the Chicago *Tribune,* and so on to see the world. If he came from Missouri, as Edgar Snow did, he crossed the Pacific armed with a letter of introduction from the dean of the Missouri School of Journalism. Graduates of that school, in the middle 1920s, edited English-language papers in Tokyo, Tientsin, Peking, Shanghai and points south, and a bright Missourian could always pick up a job.

So Edgar Snow, born in Kansas City in 1905, landed in Shanghai in 1928 and at once became assistant to J. B. Powell, Missouri ex-'10, who had inherited the editorship of the *China Weekly Review* from the peppery Thomas Franklin Fairfax Millard, Missouri '87. Snow planned to stay a year; but it was 1941 before he saw the United States again. By that time he had worked his way through the mills of the *Weekly Review,* the Chicago *Tribune,* the now defunct Consolidated Press (founded, believe it or not, by David Lawrence and Drew Pearson in collaboration), the New York *Herald Tribune* and the London *Herald* to become a staff writer for the *Saturday Evening Post,* which was good going.

He had also seen a couple of famines and a few local wars, had walked overland to Burma and India, fallen in love with beautiful girls of assorted nationalities and married a temperamental American, slipped through the lines to visit the Chinese Communists at their desert capital—the great experience of his life—and helped found and manage the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives. He had learned to speak Chinese, and met, liked and become intimate with Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai and Madame Sun Yat-sen, the older, more beautiful and wiser sister of Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

HE SAW China in inevitable if amoeboid revolution, and he did his best to forewarn America about it. His book *Red Star Over China* was a best-seller, and the *Post* for a time printed his articles, but few Americans listened (though among the listeners was Franklin D. Roosevelt). The war came; a fog closed in. The *Post* sent Snow to Russia during the war and later to India. Of the last decade, in his own or China's life, his book has almost nothing to say. In the McCarthy decade, of course, anyone who, like Mr. Snow, had had the intelligence to foresee the war with Japan and the triumph of the Chinese Communists was suspect.

The core of Mr. Snow's book is the China story, particularly his picture of the Chinese Communists as he saw them in the crucial years 1937-1941, when they obviously represented a wave of the future. This reviewer, who spent a mere four months in China (as correspondent for *The Nation)* in 1925-1926, when Chiang Kai-shek seemed to be the wave of the future, sometimes wondered about Mr. Snow's perspective.

Mr. Snow detests Chiang Kai-shek, whom he sees as merely a corrupt tool of Chinese landlordism allied with foreign business. But Chiang himself was as much a product of revolution as the Communists; it was when his own power became a vested interest that he became the patron of corruption and his star began to fade. And when he became dependent on American military aid the whole course of Chinese history pointed to his doom; thereafter the Communists had the advantage of appearing, to Chinese, the true Chinese nationalists.

China, as Mr. Snow almost says at one point, is a medieval, semi-feudal civilization which has been in almost continuous revolution for more than a century. The "first opium war" of 1840 marked the decay of the old regime and the beginning of foreign overlordship. The Taiping rebellion of a century ago, which at first preached a curious kind of Christian communism, was overthrown with foreign aid, saving the dynasty for another half-century. The Boxer Rebellion, forty years later, frankly aimed to rid the country of aliens. Sun Yat-sen a decade later dreamed of a democratic revolution; the foreign powers were against him. Toward the end of his life he turned to Russia for help against the West; his pupil, Chiang Kai-shek, was one of the early Chinese students in Moscow. Red China is another stage in a long process; it may have been inevitable, but nothing in China is unchanging. And American intransigence toward the Communist regime in China today may well be one of the main sources of its strength.

Edgar Snow never had any illusion that the Chinese Communists were "agrarian reformers"; that was Freda Utley's misguided phrase. Snow saw them for what they were, Chinese revolutionaries, honest, fanatic and ruthless. He may even have taken their Marxist words too seriously; surely Marx, who had little faith in either nationalism or in peasants, would never have recognized this revolution as his child, and Marx's nominal heirs in Moscow were in crucial years curiously cool to it.

Nevertheless, as Edgar Snow predicted, the Chinese Communist revolution happened, despite Marxist coolness, despite capitalist assurance that successful revolution was impossible in so impoverished a land. And his colorful account of it as he saw it has almost breathless significance for its application to other impoverished lands today—in Southeast and Southwest Asia, in the Arab lands, even, to some degree, in Latin America.

Historian

As if the eye and the head
Were an underworld, all the dead
Come to garrulous quarters there,
Dignifying at a live ear

What befell. Each (his pride,
His downright lying vanity being
Disembodied from any twice-doing
That could prove, as from blood

That could blush) can brag
The decisive random of chance
Was concealed skill of his choice, license
Word breathed into a wig

To raze like Attila. Back and forth,
Vociferous as when they lived,
Infuriated still to be braved
Each by the rest, they protest their worth

And winnings of this world. Their graves
Have devoured tenure; perhaps something
Grafted to a warm bone's darkness lives
Of their effort; but to bring

Them to claim, still, clear gains
On times and bodies they have long lost
Takes a frivolous advocate. Or a live brain's
Envying to master and last.

TED HUGHES

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Double Maverick

THE SOUTHERN HERITAGE. By James McBride Dabbs. Alfred A. Knopf. 270 pp. $4.

C. Vann Woodward

IT IS another season for taking stands below the Potomac. These roll around periodically without, as a rule, profoundly enriching regional letters or national thought. Usually the stand taken is a belligerent assertion of the prevailing point of view. At least once a generation, however, a maverick stand taker faces the opposite way. In the 1830s there was James G. Birney, the Alabama planter who became leader of the abolitionists; in the 1850s Hinton R. Helper, the Tarheel, became temporarily the darling of Radical Republicans, and in the 1880s George W. Cable, the Louisiana novelist, put Northern liberals to shame with his advanced views on race.

James McBride Dabbs of South Carolina belongs in the maverick category clearly enough, but within that category he is himself a maverick. The standard Southern maverick rejects the past, renounces the tradition, proclaims the Yankees to be right, and pretty soon packs up and moves to a cooler climate. Now there is no hotter place in Dixieland for taking a stand just at the moment than South Carolina, especially if the stand happens to be against segregation. It is perfectly clear, however, that Mr. Dabbs has no intention of moving out. Nor does he reject the past, nor renounce the tradition. Instead he celebrates the past, venerates the tradition. Here is the conservative as revolutionist, the traditionalist as reformer.

Mr. Dabbs betrays a fondness for paradox that befits a conservative revolutionist. The heritage of the South, he contends, specially equips the region to act as a laboratory, a pilot plant for solving the world problem of race. Slavery? In it originates the South's deferential code of manners: the means of getting the cotton picked without wages and without the whip. Manners, courtesy, friendliness, the vestiges of a folk society still strong, the fear of abstraction, the love of the concrete, the bi-racial experience of tragedy, of defeat, and frustration, all these combine to persuade him that in the South, "more easily than anywhere else, the job can be successfully done." The Southern heritage, the real one, the one Mr. Dabbs prefers at any rate, is *for,* not against, a relaxed and happy settlement of the racial frontier. "A little recognition of what we are, of the values we have and the desperate need, not only of the South but of the world, for these values, will take us safely—as safely as anyone may go through a dangerous world—into tomorrow, and the next day, and the future."

DISDAINING the need to construct any elaborate case against segregation, the South Carolinian chooses to regard the case as more or less self-evident. Turning Ortega's "tragic, ruthless glance" on man's present plight, he simply says "there is no room for white justice and black justice. Encircled as we are by infinite darkness, skin color does not matter." In the South itself equality is traditional, and the extension of the tradition is a deeply conservative, not a radical, act. "The whites of the South have accepted the ideal of a basic equality among themselves," he writes; "it remains for us to accept it as between whites and Negroes." The most subversive force at work to destroy segregation is "the central fire burning at the heart of the South"—the fire of Christian love.

But is this conservative revolution practicable? Mr. Dabbs argues that "about the most impractical thing you can do in the South is to insist upon being practical: the climate of opinion is against it." He is nevertheless not above making some propitiatory concessions. He readily grants that "the custom of the community is worthy of some consideration." As for apprehensions about desegregation as a threat to school standards, he would "not argue that this fear is absolutely groundless," only that such dangers are "far, far less than we imagine, and the other choices too harsh to be adopted." The threat to sexual morals is "vastly overrated," the stimulus to intermarriage, "almost infinitesimal."

It is not always perfectly clear whether Mr. Dabbs is saying what he believes or what he hopes. I suspect it is sometimes one, sometimes the other, and sometimes both. There will be scoffing at his optimism and impatience with his paradoxes in North and South. In neither place can there be any doubt of his seriousness, good will, or courage.

C. VANN WOODWARD is a professor of history at Johns Hopkins University. His most recent book is The Strange Career of Jim Crow.

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The Jazz Life

THE HORN. By John Clellon Holmes. Random House. 243 pp. $3.75.

Nat Hentoff

JOHN CLELLON HOLMES has written the first novel of the jazz life that is not entirely a "fan's" mirage. His story of the disintegration of Edgar Pool, a once influential saxophonist, contains insight, however limited, into some of the jazz sub-religions that have rarely appeared in print—especially not in jazz fiction.

He describes, for example, the often painful distance in attitudes and background between some of the older Negro players and the younger "educated" jazzmen, Negro and white. The young usually respect their progenitors but often cannot communicate with them on a personal, let alone musical, level. That the bewilderment and frequent bitterness is reciprocal Holmes illustrates in a brilliant if exaggerated rehearsal studio scene between a young extrovertish bandleader and the older, caustic Pool. ("Man, what a lot of *paper*!")

Holmes also writes, though on the surface, of the various roads players choose —uncompromising, lethally competitive jazz; the security and stifling calm of studio work; the musicians who prefer to remain and play in Harlem or the Negro sections of other large cities and thus avoid the further tensions of the downtown world. He touches on the social context of the Negro player's life, a subject almost never attempted in other jazz novels. His knowledge is limited, but he at least recognizes the long hours before the night and the bandstand.

This is a *roman à clef* in that, despite the customary disclaimer, Holmes has obviously given Pool several of the characteristics of Lester Young and a very few of Charlie Parker. Other characters and incidents have more shadowy correspondences with history. Pool is the most fully realized figure in the novel, and if the reasons for the depth of his bitterness and mocking outrage are not wholly clear, their existence is stingingly believable.

Holmes unfortunately does not write nearly as persuasively as he, sometimes, observes. He falls into a self-conscious straining for a national (or perhaps cosmic) affirmation that is an uncomfortable blend of Thomas Wolfe and Jack Kerouac. ("For America, as only they knew it who had wandered like furtive minnesingers across its billboard wastes to the screaming distances, turned half a man sour, hard-bitten, barren, but awakened a grieving hunger in his heart thereby.") Some of the dialogue is ludicrous, as when a group of musicians are "inventing" bop in 1944 in Los Angeles. (" 'Man, what are we *doing*! . . . 'We're winking at the moon,' Wing said into his mouthpiece.") Holmes also caricatures the young "educated" players, of whom he has little understanding.

But despite such flaws, *The Horn* is an important step toward a fiction that is not wholly the dream world of an innocent buff who thinks, for example, that the jazz world is a microcosm of democracy.

NAT HENTOFF, with Nat Shapiro, is the editor of The Jazz Makers. *He is a regular contributor to* Hi-Fi & Music Review.

Earth-Sparrow

The trees in clouds of November mist
Standing empty and the massive earth bare
I bent my head and leaned myself against
Interior gales and blizzards of unrest
Bucking the squalor of November air

But checked at last and skyward with shredded
Arms ribbon-fingered lifting fear and prayer
I caught in that beseeching of the cloud
One leafless lightning-splintered oak unshrouding its wreckage in the waste of the year

To whose ultimate twig with a zoom and
Skip a sparrow summitted and there bursting as if the dead sap were singing leaned
I forward knowing nothing to lean on
Green as the grasslessness Lord of the earth.

GALWAY KINNELL

FILMS

Robert Hatch

OUR TIME offers no happier example of nature taking its course than the spectacle of Gerard Philipe absorbing the luxurious ministrations of beautiful women. M. Philipe quaffs women as others quaff wine; the mere sight of him entering a drawing room is enough to make a prudent husband grasp for his honor.

Philipe is a talented and elegantly trained actor, and womanizing is not his only gift; but it is the one that director Julien Duvivier employs with entrancing results in his film adaptation of Zola's *Pot Bouille*. Assisted by Danielle Darrieux, Dany Carrel and other ladies of exigent femininity, the director and the actor demonstrate what is really meant by French farce.

The formula for this particular view of life is readily stated: sex is an easy game for ironic dilettantes; money is the hard world in which we live. A man who treats honor lightly may be a rogue, but a man who treats profit lightly is a fool; banishment from the bourgeoisie is his only prospect. Thus it is that the hero of *Pot Bouille* (translated in the ads sometimes as "The Pot Boils," sometimes as "House of Lovers"), though scarcely seeming to know from day to day whose pliant waist his arm encircles, carries in his mind an accountant's memorandum on every cuckold in his considerable acquaintance. Until at last he comes face to face with a woman whose blood quickens like his to the scent of gain—that, one sees at once, is what romantics mean by a union made in heaven.

Stripped thus to an equation, the point of view becomes bilious, but of course Duvivier does not strip it. Rather, he carries it off with a swirl of wit and style that transforms appetites into graces. He may, in fact, carry it further from the grubbiness of life than Zola intended. But the time that has passed since the story was written has been devoted so consistently to berating the middle class for the toad in its soul

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that a dance is now more to the point than a sermon. The season is not apt to provide a more deft, or merrier, view of endearing frailty.

IT IS not necessary to have read Edwin O'Connor's novel to recognize that the screen has taken strange liberties with *The Last Hurrah*. As adapted by Frank Nugent, directed by John Ford and played by Spencer Tracy, the history of Frank Skeffington is a resounding *non sequitur* in praise of sentimentality. Mayor Skeffington is a lovely man; indeed, he is shown to be the noblest, kindest, wisest and most long-suffering Irishman since St. Patrick himself walked this wicked earth. But despite a dazzling array of gifts and virtues, he can induce no respectable group in the whole city of Boston to support him, and in the denouement he is whipped at the polls by the most extravagantly repulsive nincompoop that Hollywood has ever run for public office.

Obviously something essential has been left out of the character and deeds of the Honorable Frank Skeffington, and I rather suspect that what was omitted was the point of the story. The art of the cinema will not willingly trample on the notoriously tender sensibilities of the Irish or the libel laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. In place of an intelligible story, the proprietors of the film have set out buckets of charm and pathos, hoping that we will be so busy smiling through tears as not to notice the substitution.

It is too bad—the politician who enchants the people and euchres the public is an engrossing figure in American life and *The Last Hurrah* could have given that devil his due. Instead, Mr. Ford and his colleagues have settled for blarney.

THE HISTORY of the theatre is full of driven men, but it is more unusual to come upon a movie maker who is really seized by an idea. Therefore Ingmar Bergman's thoughtful, inventive, poetic *The Seventh Seal* can scarcely fail to impress you. Mr. Bergman is haunted by the tragedy of faith and has composed a simple, almost primitive, allegory to elucidate the agony.

His legend concerns a knight who returns to Sweden after many years spent on crusade in the Holy Land. A plague has befallen the nation and the knight himself meets the figure of death before he has been a day back in his native land. Death's mission does not dismay the tired warrior, but his quest is not ended and, to gain time, he engages his adversary in a game of chess which they carry along with them on a journey across the ravaged, hysterical and riotous land. The knight's search is pathetically simple—his heart yearns for the belief that his mind rejects. He cannot find grace, and must at the end accept death's checkmate with his thirst unslaked. But the gift of faith that is beyond his own grasp he can nevertheless recognize in a young family of roving acrobats met on the road, and he can trick death into losing track of these simple, happy people—at least for a time. There are other allegorical details that I won't go into—the tale is of the sort in which every action, gesture and sound has its weight of symbol.

Bergman has constructed his picture in a style as direct and rough as folk carving. It is honorable work and if I hold back from speaking more warmly it is because of a personal inability to respond to this kind of one-for-one allegory. Plays telling how Lust encounters Choler in the Forest of Doubt and how both are betrayed by Superstition into the hands of Death make me feel as bleak as a reveler in mufti at a masquerade ball. But those who find instruction in the animation of abstractions will decide quite correctly that *The Seventh Seal* is a solemn and beautiful example of the genre.

Memorial Inscriptions

(Veteran's Day, 1958)

1.

Streets where the moral man
Can hold death waiting:
I long to see you, pace your honored stones,
Dream on the faces of your living throngs.

2.

O face upon face of the proud and bloody dead,
All men have died with you, and none have conquerèd.

M. L. ROSENTHAL

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(*Continued from page 360*)

jalein Atoll. We were held there for four days, and on July 8, my wife, daughter and myself were flown to Honolulu. Ted and Nick remained on board the *Phoenix*.

We reached Honolulu at four in the morning. I was not permitted to speak to friends or to reporters who met the plane. At 8 o'clock I was taken to the Federal Building, fingerprinted, and an hour later was taken before the U. S. Commissioner. There I was told the charge against me, and served with a warrant. The usual legal machinery began ponderously to operate, and I was eventually released on bail.

IT WAS MY desire to have a mainland attorney, and I announced this plainly on the day of my arrival in Honolulu. Meanwhile, to handle the preliminary details, I engaged a local lawyer. In a court hearing, I was permitted to go to the mainland to contact legal counsel. When I returned, having made satisfactory arrangements, I instructed my local attorney to request a short postponement, so that my mainland lawyer could come to Honolulu.

The request was duly made. The judge refused to grant my extension of time. No reason was given; but the reason, as it later emerged, was very clear. The judge and the U. S. Attorney were not on speaking terms. The Attorney had agreed to a postponement. The judge, therefore, refused it. Having done so, he had to be consistent. On three further occasions, in the face of sworn affidavits and formal requests from my attorney, Joseph Rauh of Washington, the judge refused to grant an extension of time for the trial.

Consequently, a situation arose at the trial which I am told is unique in American legal history. Four days prior to the trial I had discharged my local attorney, and he had withdrawn. He had never agreed to, nor did he wish to, handle the trial, nor had I employed him for that purpose. Nevertheless, the judge refused to permit his withdrawal from the case, and forced him, over both his and my objections, to defend me.

At no time had this local attorney discussed with me the conduct of my defense, what witnesses we might call, or even whether I would take the stand in my own behalf. He was thus unable to present any defense, and the trial proceeded without any statement or evidence from the defendant. I was not permitted to address the court. After a brief session, the verdict was guilty.

Following the verdict, judicial urgency appeared to subside, and it was a month before the sentencing. On September 25, I was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and an additional eighteen months' probation. By an ironic coincidence, the date of the sentencing was the date we had earlier requested for the trial, as it was the earliest time at which my attorney could be present to defend me.

WHILE WE prepare for the appeal, I am free under bond. Meanwhile, what has happened to the *Phoenix*, stranded on a coral atoll, over two thousand miles away, with Ted and Nick aboard?

Immediately upon being brought back to Honolulu, I had requested permission to return to Kwajalein to bring back my ship. Permission was refused. Then followed weeks of fruitless negotiating, culminating at last in the permission for my wife to return to the atoll. Accordingly, on August 15, the *Phoenix* sailed on the long beat back to Honolulu, a route which, because of adverse winds and currents, would be over 4,000 miles.

As I write this, the *Phoenix*, with only Barbara, Ted and Nick Mikami aboard, are fifty-six days out. Since their departure they have not been heard from. The last word we have is a note, written by Barbara on the day the *Phoenix* left Kwajalein:

> . . . My thoughts will be back in Honolulu fighting by your side. Don't let anything make you doubt the worth of what we've undertaken, no matter how futile it may seem at times. To fight for something we know is right is so infinitely better than to evade or ignore or compromise with it—and I know that whatever the outcome, we will always be proud that we have done the best we could. BARBARA

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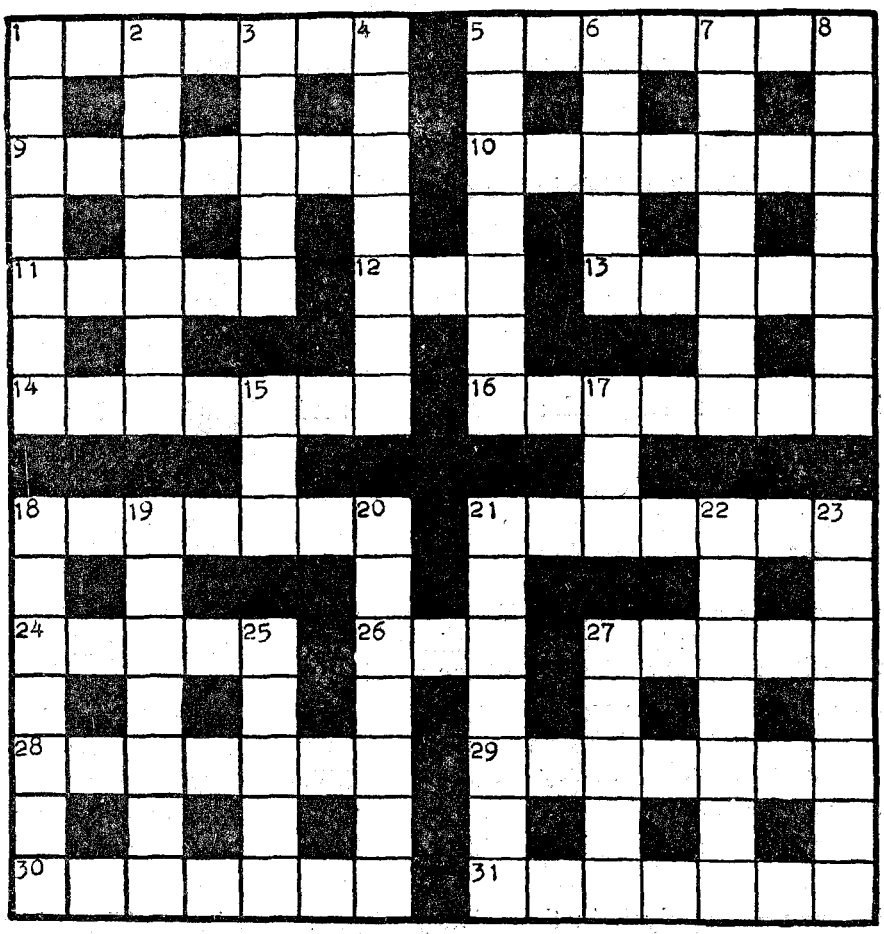
Crossword Puzzle No. 794

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

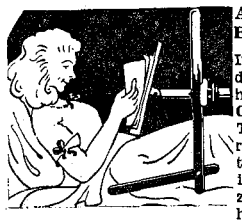
1 Mr. Timberlane and Miss Gardner might be either bitter or sweet. (7)
5 The manner of a show-backer? (7)
9 Something one might complain about in metal. (7)
10 His rake is bent and comparatively unsteady. (7)
11, 12, and 26 The large container over there was cut out very slowly. (5,6)
13 9, with the main part removed. (5)
14 Can be classified as a nuisance well ended. (7)
16 Coat or illustration thereof? (7)
18 What a spinner does. (7)
21 and 27 down Looking at the mule on the canal path? (The structure is super!) (7,5)
24 The farthest or nearest point from the center of attraction. (5)
26 See 11
27 Blake's burner. (5)
28 He wrote "The Kreutzer Sonata." (7)
29 Ravel, by another name. (7)
30 The act ends with something of a strain. (7)
31 Too much of a swell to fasten back. (7)

DOWN:

1 John's head bearer. (7)
2 Jumping? (No wonder, since the sailor has an insect on him!) (7)
3 This certainly could be named better! (5)
4 The one of three, to make it clear! (7)
5 Might be an ingredient of a good murder mystery. (7)
6 The land of Accra. (5)
7 Richard was in battle, like an egg on the ground. (4,3)
8 Herb takes the automobile far off. (7)
15 and 17 It might keep your collar down—however, not up. (6)
18 Vouchsafed. (7)
19 Hides your shoes—and it's not the first time! (7)
20 Adviser for pen-tabulations? (7)
21 Agrees to make an examination of the pound. (7)
22 27 across, when confused with an example of 4, isn't very thankful. (7)
23 16, in one sense. (7)
25 The base of Baranof. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 793

ACROSS: 1 and 7 down Hunting knife; 5 Cracker; 9 Morel; 10 Extortion; 11 Overmatch; 12 Breve; 13, 21, 24 and 22 Knights of the Round Table; 15 Retorts; 17 General; 19 Recover; 23 Restricts; 25 Debauches; 26 Urban; 27 Gleaned; 28 Saddens. DOWN: 1 Hemlock; 2 Norwegian; 3 Islam; 4 Ghettos; 5 Catcher; 6 Acrobatic; 8 Runners; 14 Harlequin; 16 Revocable; 17 Good dog; 18 Lurched; 19 Resists; 20 Resents.



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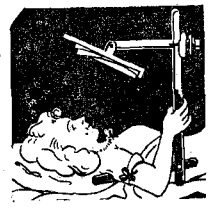

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About Arthur F. Coca, M.D.

Dr. Coca is one of the world's leading allergy specialists. He is Honorary President of the American Association of Immunologists. For 17 years he was Medical Director of Lederlé Laboratories. He taught at the Post Graduate Medical School of Columbia University, was a Professor of Immunology at Cornell, has written extensively for medical journals throughout the world. The findings in "The Pulse Test" were first presented to the medical profession in a technical monograph, "Familial Non-reaginic Food Allergy." This book is in its third printing and we can supply copies at $10.50.

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